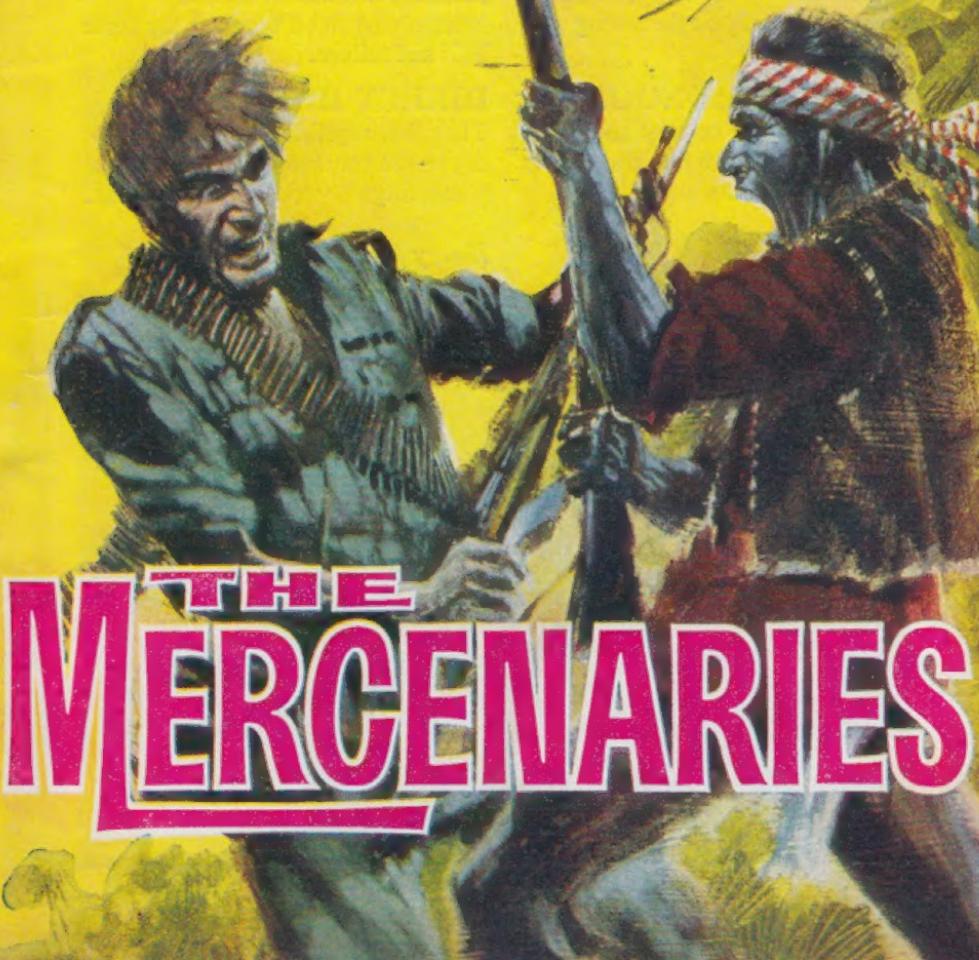


# ACTION



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# THE MERCENARIES

*Stand by for an onslaught of action-packed thrills*

# WAR PICTURE LIBRARY **SPECIAL EXTRA**

*4 gripping stories in one 224-page bumper special 3/-*

## **THE LIONHEARTS**

He drove men ruthlessly in preparation for the day of battle—for it would only be the strong who survived.

## **CODE OF HONOUR**

Only an officer's courage and leadership can earn him the respect of the men serving under him.

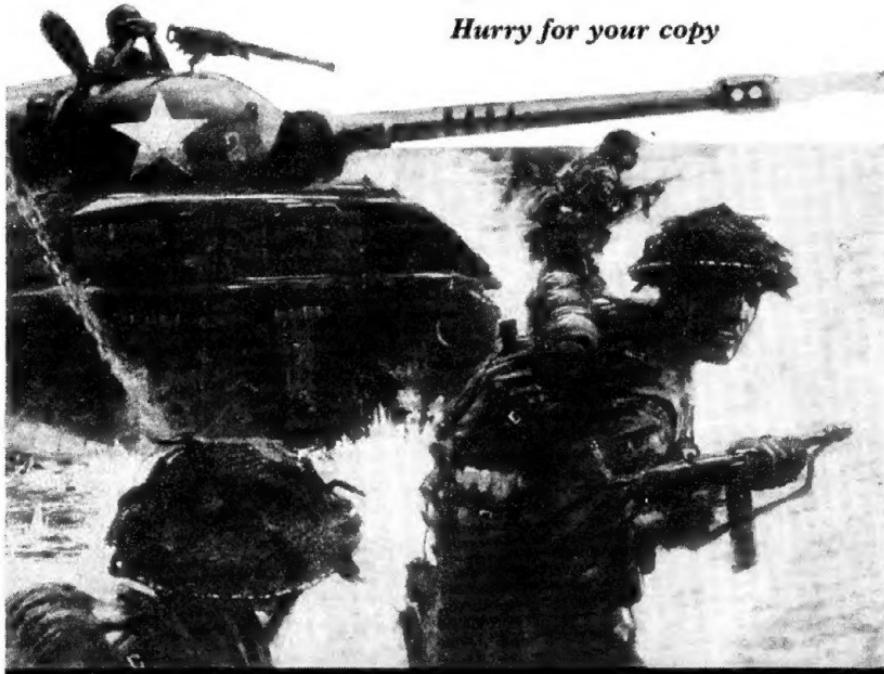
## **MISSION FOR HEROES**

It was a task only the toughest could handle, yet it was an ordinary seaman who stood between the three VCs and failure.

## **DIRECT HIT**

They flew together—each man drawing on the courage of the other—each wondering who would be first to break.

*Hurry for your copy*



# THE MERCENARIES

THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MEN WILLING TO SELL THEIR SKILL AT ARMS TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER. WILLING TO FIGHT FOR ANY NATION, ANY CAUSE, AS LONG AS THE PRICE WAS HIGH ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY RISKING THEIR LIVES. THEY ARE THE MERCENARIES.



THE SCORCHING SUN BEAT DOWN ON THE BRITISH SOLDIERS AS THEY CLAMBERED UP THE BARREN ADEN HILLSIDE. THE BREN GUN JIMMY WALKER CARRIED SEEMED TO GET HEAVIER EVERY SECOND...



SMUDGER SMITH RAN HIS PARCHED TONGUE OVER DRY LIPS.

FORTY-FIFTY YARDS OR SO, JIMMY-BOY. THEN WE'LL HAVE 'EM IN OUR SIGHTS.



IT WAS 1966 AND SOMEWHERE ACROSS THAT DRIED-UP WADI WAS A BUNCH OF WELL-ARMED ARAB TERRORISTS. SERGEANT LOMAX, A FIRST-RATE N.C.O., WAS LEADING THE SECTION.



THEY HIT THE RIDGE AND JIMMY AIMED STACCATO STREAMS OF TRACER INTO THE TERRORISTS' ROCK-BOUND NEST.



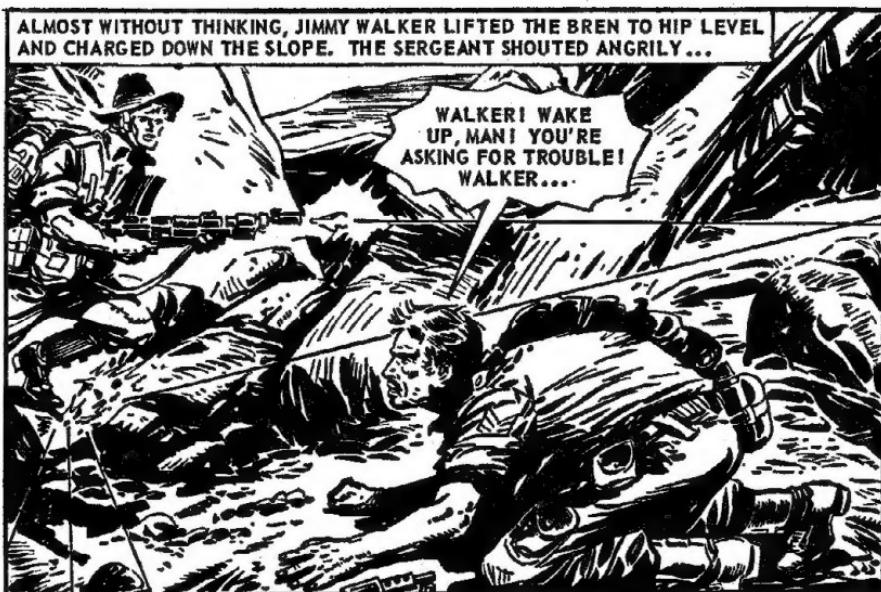
AFTER TEN MINUTES EXCHANGE OF FIRE, PEACE SETTLED OVER THE WADI. THE TERRORISTS HAD ABANDONED THEIR DEAD AND FADED AWAY..

THE BLIGHTERS HAD AN ESCAPE ROUTE, AS ALWAYS! YOU BLOKES STAY HERE - I'LL DO A QUICK RECCE. KEEP ME COVERED, JUST IN CASE...

THIS TIME, LOMAX, THE OLD SOLDIER, HAD UNDERESTIMATED THE TERRORISTS.

UGH!

ALMOST WITHOUT THINKING, JIMMY WALKER LIFTED THE BREM TO HIP LEVEL  
AND CHARGED DOWN THE SLOPE. THE SERGEANT SHOUTED ANGRILY ...



AND THEN JIMMY WALKER, DESPATCH CLERK FOR MESSRS. PINK AND CRIPPEN LTD.,  
CAME BACK ABRUPTLY TO HIS SENSES...



THE OFFICE SUPERVISOR'S HIGH-PITCHED VOICE WHINED ON . . .

WHERE ARE THOSE INVOICES  
FOR THE SOUTH AMERICAN SHIPMENT?  
AND THE PAPER-WORK FOR MISTER CRIPPEN  
ABOUT THE PANAMA SUPPLIES?

HAVE 'EM  
READY IN A  
JIFFY, MISTER  
PICKLES. SORRY,  
I DOZED OFF -  
IT WAS THE HEAT.  
REMINDED  
ME OF -

LET ME GUESS - THE MIDDLE EAST, OR  
CYPRUS - OR MAYBE THE INDONESIAN  
JUNGLE! YOU'RE IN LONDON, WALKER -  
AND YOUR ONLY ENEMY IS TIME. DON'T  
WASTE IT - IT'S BEING PAID FOR BY THE  
FIRM!

PAID FOR  
BY THE FIRM -  
OH, HANG THE FIRM  
AND PICKLES!

JIMMY BEGAN TO CONCENTRATE ON HIS WORK AGAIN - BUT A DISTURBANCE IN THE OUTER OFFICE BROUGHT IT ALL BACK, ESPECIALLY AS HE SEEMED TO RECOGNISE ONE OF THE VOICES...

I TELL YOU IT'S URGENT, MISTER, AND I'M NOT GOING UNTIL I'M SATISFIED!

SMUDGER SMITH? IT CAN'T BE! I MUST BE DOZING OFF AGAIN!

I TELL YOU, SIR, EVERYTHING IS IN HAND. MISTER WALKER, THE INVOICES FOR THE SOUTH AMERICAN MEDICAL SUPPLIES SHIPMENT, PLEASE...

SMUDGER! IT JUST CAN'T BE TRUE!

JIMMY!  
JIMMY WALKER,  
MY OLD MATE!  
COR, THIS IS  
ONE FOR THE  
BOOK!

THE SUPERVISOR TRIED TO ASSERT HIS AUTHORITY...

LOOK HERE, THIS WON'T  
DO! WALKER - YOU'VE GOT  
WORK TO DO!

FADE AWAY;  
MISTER! THIS IS A  
RE-UNION!

IT'S  
NEARLY THE  
LUNCH-BREAK,  
ANYWAY.  
I'LL TAKE IT  
NOW, MISTER  
PICKLES.

THE IMPERTINENCE!  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE CITY IS  
COMING TO NOWADAYS!

YOU'RE A  
SIGHT FOR  
SORE EYES,  
BOY!

AND YOU'RE  
A BREATH OF.  
FRESH AIR,  
SMUDGER - AND  
COULDN'T I DO  
WITH IT!



THEN EX-CORPORAL SMUDGER SMITH TOLD OF HIS WORK SINCE HE LEFT THE ARMY.

I'M A PAID, FREE-LANCE SOLDIER, JIMMY - AND IT'S A JOB IN A MILLION! FOR ME, IT'S DOING SOMETHING I LIKE, SOMETHING I'VE BEEN TRAINED TO DO - AND FOR A SIGHT MORE MONEY THAN I COLLECTED WITH THE OLD MOB!



FASCINATED, JIMMY LISTENED TO HIS OLD COMRADE-IN-ARMS AS HE HIGH-LIGHTED A MERCENARY'S LIFE.

MARVELLOUS BUNCH OF BLOKES, TOO! BRITISH, GERMAN, YANKS, FRENCH - ALL PROFESSIONALS. I'VE DONE TWO ASSIGNMENTS - ONE IN AFRICA, ONE IN THE MIDDLE EAST! AND COLLECTED A PACKET OF DOUGH BOTH TIMES.



NO CATCH! TELL YOU WHAT, BOY - MY BOSS IS ALWAYS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR NEW TALENT. NOW - I KNOW YOU - BEST BREW-GUNNER IN THE OUTFIT. WHEN I'VE CLEARED THIS MEDIC STUFF HE ASKED ME TO CHASE-UP, I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM.

HOLD YOUR HORSES, SMUDGER - I'D HAVE TO KNOW A LOT MORE FIRST WHETHER IT'S LEGAL, FOR ONE THING!



COURSE IT'S  
LEGAL AT LEAST, I  
THINK IT IS ANYWAY, WHO  
CARES - THE MONEY'S  
GOOD!

TEMPTED BY THE PROSPECT, BUT STILL DOUBTFUL, JIMMY WENT BACK TO THE OFFICE, WHERE MISTER PICKLES WAS WAITING FOR HIM...





ROD DEWAR WAS A BUSINESS MAN. HIS BUSINESS WAS WAR! HE WAS THE "BOSS" SMUDGER SMITH SPOKE OF...

SMITH SPEAKS HIGHLY  
OF YOU, WALKER, AND I  
TRUST SMITH'S JUDGMENT -  
TO A CERTAIN EXTENT I  
COULD FIND A PLACE FOR  
YOU IN MY ORGANISATION,  
IF YOU MEASURE UP TO  
MY REQUIREMENTS.

AS A RIFLEMAN AND A BREN-  
GUNNER HE CAN'T BE LICKED, MISTER  
DEWAR. AND HE'S GOT GUTS. DID I TELL  
YOU ABOUT HOW HE SAVED OUR  
SERGEANT'S LIFE IN ADEN?

YOU TOLD ME - TWICE!  
TAKE HIM TO THE ARMOURY  
TONIGHT - I WANT MAJOR STEINER  
TO LOOK HIM OVER.

BY THE TIME THEY GOT TO THE ARMOURY, JIMMY WAS ALREADY HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS. DEWAR'S WELCOME HAD BEEN COOL - VERY COOL!



THERE WERE ABOUT TWENTY MEN IN THE ARMOURY - A PLACE THAT INCLUDED A SHOOTING RANGE. THE SCAR-FACED MAN WITH THE BADGES OF RANK WAS OBVIOUSLY MAJOR KURT STEINER, THE GERMAN SQUAD LEADER.



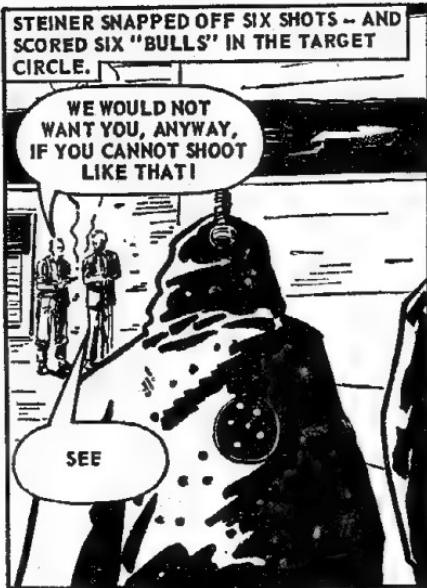
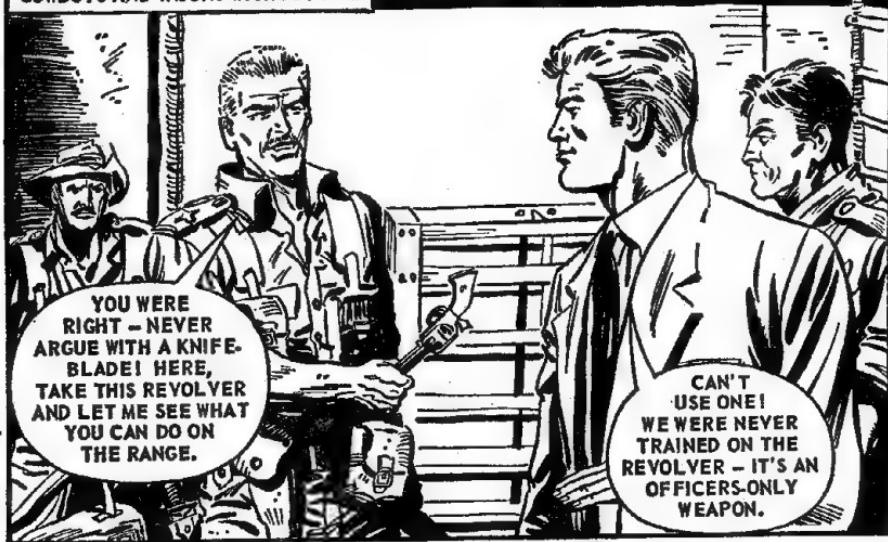
AS JIMMY CAME TO A HALT, STEINER BARKED OUT A NAME - AND ONE OF THE MERCENARIES WHIPPED A KNIFE FROM HIS BELT...

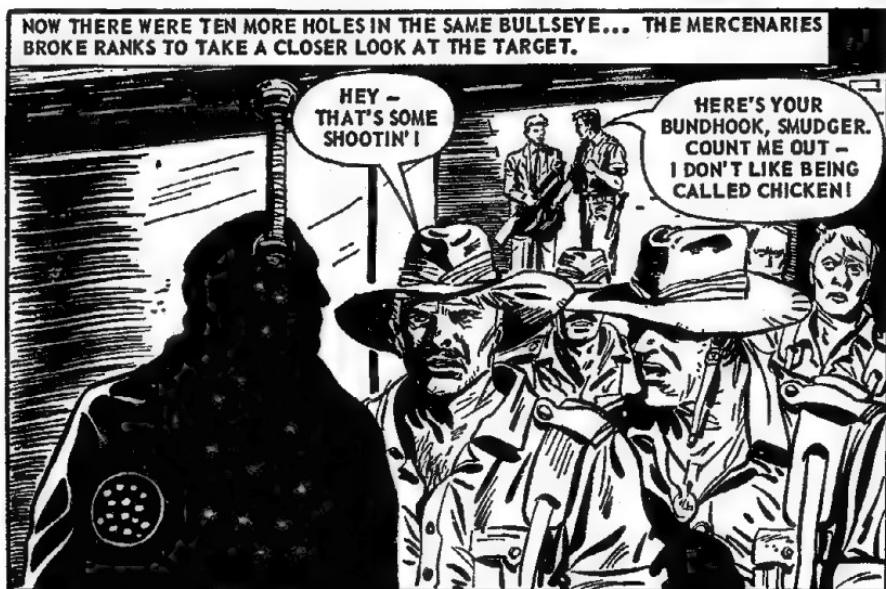


INSTINCTIVELY, JIMMY SIDESTEPPED - AND THE KNIFE CLATTERED TO THE FLOOR...



SO THERE WERE TO BE TESTS? JIMMY SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS - THEY COULD PLAY COWBOYS-AND-INJUNS WITHOUT HIM.





AS JIMMY TURNED TO LEAVE, STEINER HISSED A WORD AND MAYER LEAPED TOWARDS HIS BACK ...



JIMMY SWUNG ROUND AND NEATLY BLOCKED THE KARATE CHOP ...



THEN HE WHIRLED THE GERMAN ASIDE - AND STRUCK WITH BOTH FISTS CLENCHED TOGETHER.



WALKER, YOU BEGIN TO IMPRESS ME. I WILL DO TWO THINGS I CANNOT REMEMBER EVER HAVING DONE BEFORE.



FIRST I APOLOGISE FOR CALLING YOU CHICKEN AND SAYING YOU COULD NOT SHOOT. I WAS WRONG! SECONDLY, I WILL OFFER YOU A SPECIAL BONUS ON TOP OF FULL PAY IF YOU JOIN MY SQUAD!

THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH, EH, JIMMY ? WHAT D'YOU SAY ?





IT WAS A RUSH ASSIGNMENT AND WITHIN THE HOUR, MAJOR STEINER AND TWENTY PICKED MEN WERE ABOARD A BIG PRIVATE JET AIRCRAFT BOUND FOR THE CARIBBEAN...



TO A CASUAL OBSERVER, THE MERCENARIES IN THEIR CIVILIAN DRESS LOOKED LIKE ORDINARY TOURISTS, WHEN THEY ARRIVED AT THE MAIN SANTA VINCENTA AIRPORT.



TRANSPORT HAD BEEN LAID ON BY ROD DEWAR'S ORGANISATION, EVEN IF IT WAS A RATHER DILAPIDATED LOCAL COACH...



TEN STIFLING HOURS ON THE RICKETY COACH ON ROADS THAT WERE NO MORE THAN TRACKS DID LITTLE TO IMPROVE THE MEN'S TEMPS.

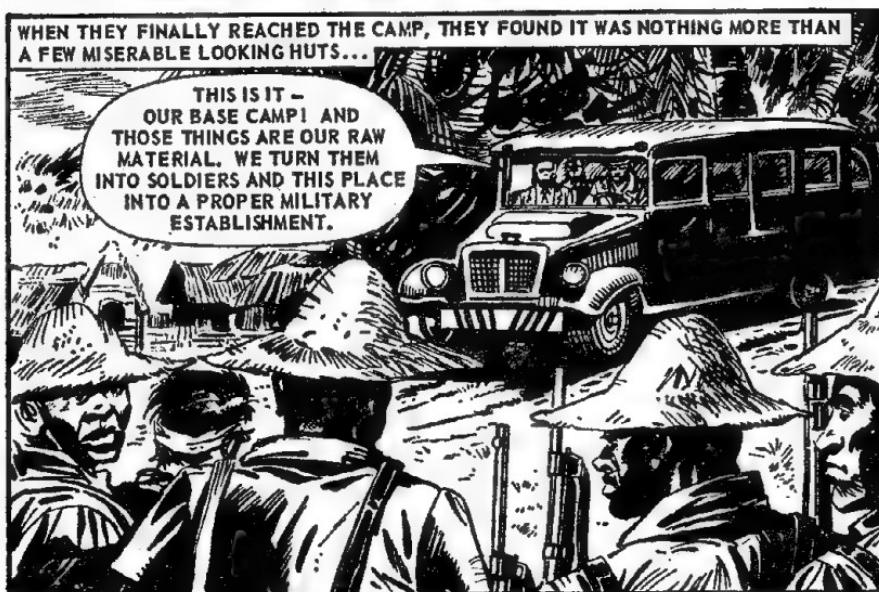
TAKE YOUR BLINKING FEET OUT OF MY HAIR, YANK, FOR PETE'S SAKE!

OKAY, SMUDGER,  
OKAY! JUST SIMMER  
DOWN - IT'S TOO DARNED  
HOT TO START A  
FIGHT!

MAYER GROWLED FROM ACROSS THE AISLE.

UNCIVILISED  
AMERICANS -  
THEY HAVE NO  
MANNERS!

TAKE THAT  
BACK, KRAUT!  
OR I'LL RAM  
IT DOWN YOUR  
GIZZARD!



JIMMY WALKER DREW A DEEP BREATH...

SO THIS IS WHERE IT ALL HAPPENS,  
SMUDGER. ALL THESE SMASHING FREE.  
FOR-ALLS YOU TOLD ME ABOUT?



THE LOCAL CONSCRIPTS STARED  
BLANKLY AT THE NEWCOMERS. THEY  
CERTAINLY DID NOT LOOK VERY  
PROMISING MATERIAL.



AFTER THREE WEEKS' ARDUOUS TRAINING, THE LOCAL RECRUITS BEGAN TO LOOK  
LIKE SOLDIERS...

MOVE!  
OVER THOSE  
OBSTACLES!



MEN WHO HAD ONLY HANDLED ANCIENT RIFLES BEFORE WERE TAUGHT TO USE THE F.N. AUTOMATIC.

HOLD IT FIRM.  
TAKE GOOD AIM, AND  
SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER.  
DON'T JERK IT!



MY SQUAD  
WEREN'T SO BAD  
TODAY, SMUDGER.  
SOME OF 'EM  
EVEN HIT THE  
TARGET.

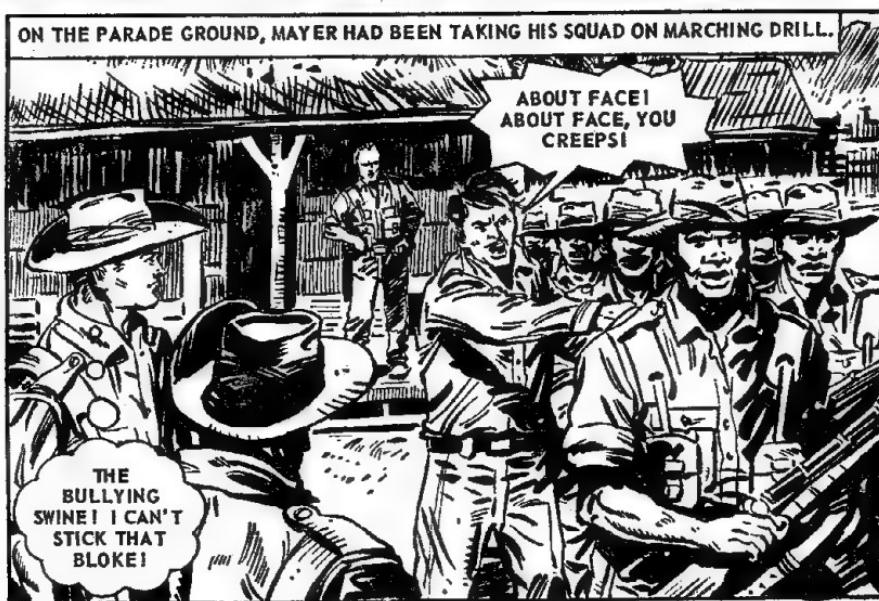
YOU'RE  
LUCKY! I'VE  
STILL GOT A  
COUPLE WHO DON'T  
KNOW YET WHICH END  
THE BULLET COMES  
OUT!



ON THE PARADE GROUND, MAYER HAD BEEN TAKING HIS SQUAD ON MARCHING DRILL.

ABOUT FACE!  
ABOUT FACE, YOU  
CREEPS!

THE  
BULLYING  
SWINE! I CAN'T  
STICK THAT  
BLOKE!



AFTER A FEW MORE DAYS OF INTENSIVE TRAINING, STEINER MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

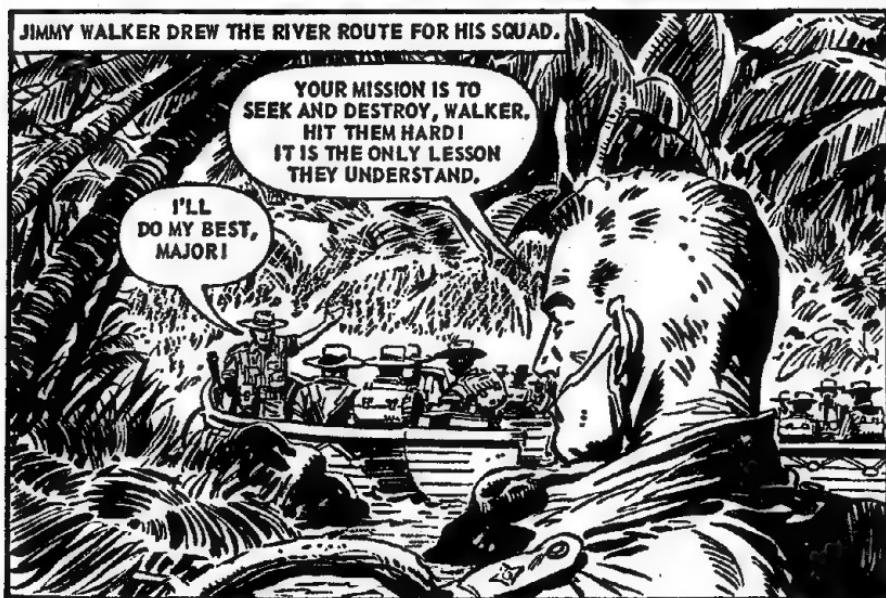
WE ARE NOW READY TO STRIKE! I SHALL SELECT SIX OF YOU TO LEAD STRIKE FORCES OF TWENTY MEN INTO MAROON TERRITORY. FIVE SQUADS WILL TRAVEL BY LAND, ONE BY RIVER.



JIMMY WALKER DREW THE RIVER ROUTE FOR HIS SQUAD.

YOUR MISSION IS TO  
SEEK AND DESTROY, WALKER.  
HIT THEM HARD!  
IT IS THE ONLY LESSON  
THEY UNDERSTAND.

I'LL  
DO MY BEST,  
MAJOR!



THEY CHUGGED DOWN RIVER, HEADING FOR THE JUNGLE AND THE WAITING MAROONS.



BUT THOUGH THEY KEPT A LYNX-EYED WATCH, THEY FAILED TO  
SEE THE DEFENDERS, UNTIL THE DEFENDERS OPENED FIRE!



WITH SKILLED LEADERSHIP, JIMMY SWITCHED HIS MEN FROM BEING HUNTED TO BEING THE HUNTERS.

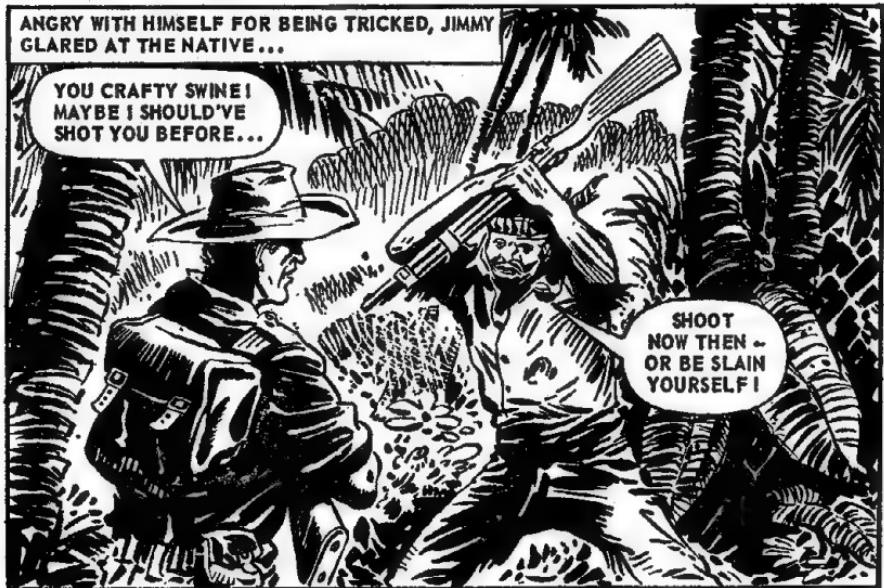
THERE THEY  
ARE! AFTER THEM -  
DON'T WASTE A  
ROUND!



THE REBELS SCATTERED - AND JIMMY FOUND HIMSELF CHASING A GIANT OF A MAN WHOSE JUNGLE-CRAFT WAS AT LEAST EQUAL TO JIMMY'S OWN ...

UGH!  
YOU'RE A  
CAGEY ONE,  
CHUM!





BUT STILL THE ENGLISHMAN COULD NOT BRING HIMSELF TO FIRE. HE PARRIED THE MAROON'S BLOW AND THEN COUNTER-ATTACKED....



AAARGH!

A KARATE CHOP ENDED THE CONTEST - WITHOUT BLOODSHED!



UGH!

THE BIG MAROON LAY AS STILL AS DEATH –  
AND OUT OF THE JUNGLE STUMBLED SOME  
WOMEN AND CHILDREN, WAILING BITTERLY ...

AIEEEE!  
AIEEEE! HE IS  
DEAD! HERCULES  
IS DEAD!



JIMMY STEELED HIS HEART AND WHEN THE MAN RECOVERED HIS SENSES, TOOK HIM  
BACK TO THE BOATS...

WHERE  
DO YOU TAKE  
ME?

DON'T  
WORRY, YOU'LL  
BE TREATED PROPERLY,  
AS A PRISONER-  
OF-WAR.







BUT HE SOON HAD DOUBTS ABOUT THE TREATMENT THE MAROON WAS LIKE TO RECEIVE, FOR KURT STEINER WAS IN AN ANGRY MOOD.

A PRISONER? GOOD! THE OTHERS CAME BACK WITHOUT SEEING EVEN ONE OF THE ENEMY. BUT THIS ONE WILL TALK! MAYER WILL GET THE SECRET OF THEIR HIDING-PLACE FROM HIM.







SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT, THE LOCAL MILITIAMAN ON GUARD DUTY WAS ATTACKED FROM BEHIND...



INSIDE THE NEARBY HUT...

WHAT DO YOU WANT?  
I WILL NOT SAY ANYTHING  
ABOUT MY PEOPLE. I  
WILL DIE FIRST!

PIPE DOWN! I SUPPOSE I'M A FOOL,  
BUT I'M LETTING YOU GO! AND  
FOR PETE'S SAKE KEEP OUT OF  
TROUBLE FROM HERE ON!

LUCKILY FOR JIMMY, THE ENQUIRY INTO THE MAROON'S ESCAPE WAS POSTPONED, FOR ROD DEWAR ARRIVED THAT MORNING IN HIS PRIVATE PLANE.

WARN THE FOOLS  
TO KEEP CLEAR. IT'S  
A SHORT ENOUGH RUNWAY  
AS IT IS.

DEWAR HAD A HIGH-RANKING LOCAL OFFICER WITH HIM...

HI, BOYS! I'VE  
BROUGHT UP SOME COMFORTS —  
AND THERE'RE A COUPLE OF  
JEEPS AND A TRUCK ON THEIR  
WAY UP FROM THE COAST,  
WITH PLENTY MORE!

THANKS,  
MISTER DEWAR — THIS  
AIN'T THE RITZ,  
EXACTLY!

THE VEHICLES ARRIVED TWO DAYS LATER, BUT ONLY STEINER, MAYER AND TWO OTHER GERMAN MERCENARIES WERE PERMITTED TO TOUCH THE TRUCK AND ITS LOAD.



A WEEK LATER -  
JIMMY WALKER HAD  
FORGOTTEN THE  
TRUCK, FOR ON A  
PATROL INTO MAROON  
TERRITORY, HE AND  
HIS MEN HAD BEEN  
AMBUSHED.

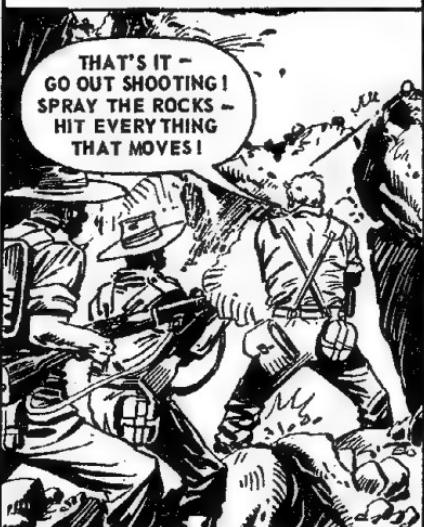


LISTEN, YOU APOLOGIES FOR SOLDIERS! YOU'RE BETTER ARMED THAN THEY ARE - AND BETTER TRAINED. ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS RUSH THEM AND THEY'LL FADE AWAY. AND THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO!



THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF SUCH A TRAP - TO BREAK THE CIRCLE.

THAT'S IT -  
GO OUT SHOOTING!  
SPRAY THE ROCKS -  
HIT EVERYTHING  
THAT MOVES!



BUT THE MAROONS PLAYED THEIR SECRET WEAPON - LOOSE ROCKS THAT CAME HURTLING DOWN LIKE CANNON BALLS.

AAARCH!



SO JIMMY WALKER FOUND HIMSELF A PRISONER...

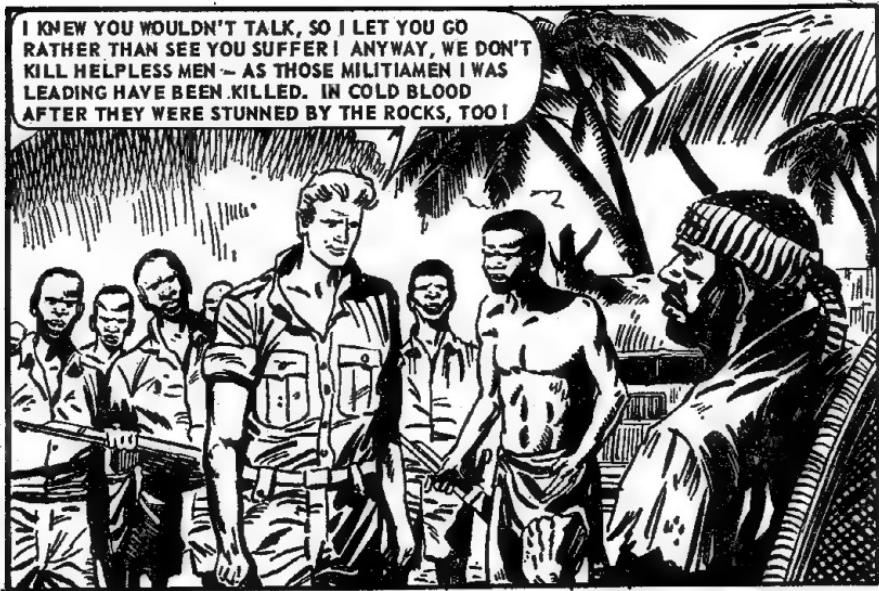
MARCH,  
WHITE MAN,  
MARCH!

WHERE ARE  
MY MEN?

THEY HAVE BEEN ELIMINATED. AS YOU  
WOULD HAVE BEEN, IF EMPEROR JONES  
HAD NOT ORDERED THAT WE BRING IN  
THE FIRST WHITE MAN WE CAPTURED.

AND "EMPEROR JONES" WAS THE MAROON  
CALLED HERCULES!

SO IT IS  
YOU! I AM  
GLAD THEY DID  
NOT KILL YOU.  
TELL ME, WHY  
DID YOU SET  
ME FREE?



HERCULES JONES LED THE PUZZLED MERCENARY TO ONE OF THE HUTS AND PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR.



THE EMPEROR STRODE AWAY TO A NEARBY WALL OF ROCK WHERE A WOMAN WAS CATCHING DROPS OF WATER THAT TRICKLED downwards...



IT'S ABSOLUTE  
NONSENSE !

NONSENSE ? THEN LET  
ME SEE YOU DRINK THE  
WATER FROM THE  
RIVER ! YET, I BELIEVE  
YOU DO NOT KNOW. I  
BELIEVE YOU ARE A  
GOOD MAN, EVEN, THOUGH  
YOU ARE A HIRED SOLDIER !

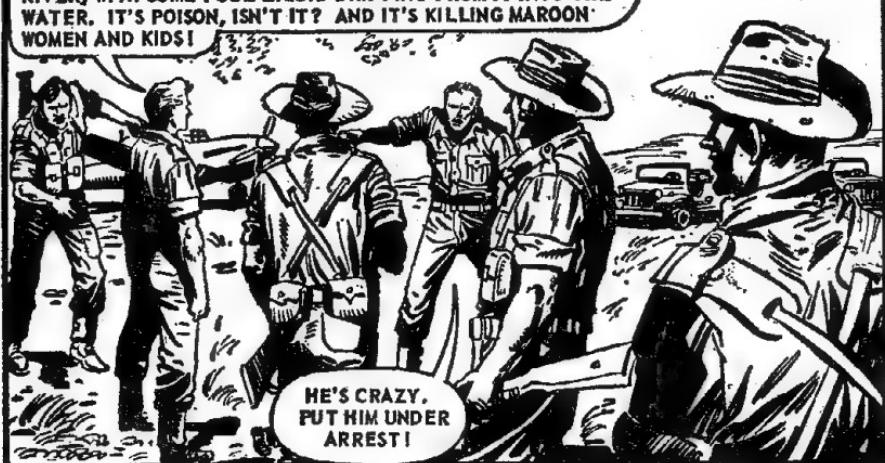
THEN SOMETHING CLICKED IN JIMMY'S  
MIND. THE MYSTERIOUS TRUCK WHICH  
NOBODY HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO HAVE  
ANYTHING TO DO WITH...

AND I BELIEVE YOU, HERCULES  
JONES ! THERE COULD BE POISON IN  
THE RIVER. LET ME GO AND FIND  
OUT FOR SURE. IF THERE IS, I'LL  
STOP IT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER !



THE EMPEROR LET JIMMY GO, AS HE HIMSELF HAD BEEN FREED. AND ONCE BACK AT  
BASE, THE YOUNG MERCENARY CONFRONTED DEWAR AND STEINER WITH WHAT HE  
HIMSELF HAD SEEN ON HIS WAY ...

I TELL YOU I SAW IT ! A TANK PERCHED ON THE BANK OF THE  
RIVER, WITH SOME FOUL LIQUID DRIPPING FROM IT INTO THE  
WATER. IT'S POISON, ISN'T IT ? AND IT'S KILLING MAROON  
WOMEN AND KIDS !



MAYER RUSHED FORWARD, A GRIN ON HIS FACE. BUT JIMMY MOVED FASTER AND GRABBED HIM INSTEAD ...

I'LL TAKE THAT GUN, MAYER! HAND IT OVER OR...!



THE GUN IN HIS HAND, JIMMY FLUNG THE KNIFE AWAY ...

MAYER, GET INTO THE JEEP'S DRIVING SEAT. STEINER, I'M TAKING YOU TO THE RIVER TO SEE THE FILTHY POISON-TRAP! THE REST OF YOU, STAND BACK! OR I'LL FIRE!



NONE OF THE MERCENARIES TRIED TO INTERFERE FOR THE THREAT TO STEINER AND MAYER WAS TOO DEADLY.

GET AFTER THEM, YOU FOOLS!







JIMMY PROMPTLY SWUNG STEINER AND MAYER IN FRONT OF HIM...

LISTEN, YOU GUYS!  
THAT THING IS A POISON-  
TRAP - AND IT'S DRIPPING  
INTO THE MAROONS' ONLY  
WATER SUPPLY. WHAT ARE  
WE? SOLDIERS OR RAT-  
CATCHERS?

YOU'RE  
WASTING YOUR  
TIME, ENGLANDER -  
THEY KNEW ABOUT  
IT!

SMUDGER SMITH SNORTED ...

WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN, WE  
KNEW ABOUT IT?  
I DIDN'T FOR  
ONE! DID YOU  
YANK?

YOU BET  
I DIDN'T!  
I WANT NO  
PART OF IT,  
NEITHER!

THEN MAYER TRIED TO JUMP JIMMY -  
BUT THE ENGLISHMAN WAS TOO QUICK  
FOR HIM...

AAARGH!

EVERYONE THERE WATCHED IN HORROR AS MAYER FLOUNDERED IN THE FAST-RUNNING STREAM...

AAARGH!

IT SERVES  
THE SQUAREHEAD  
RIGHT - HE HELPED TO  
PUT THE POISON  
THERE!

SMUDGER - YANK -  
LET'S MAKE FOR THE JUNGLE!  
THE OTHERS ARE STILL ON  
STEINER'S SIDE!

AFTER THEM,  
IDIOTS! I WANT THAT  
MAN WALKER - DEAD  
OR ALIVE!

THE THREE EASILY THREW OFF THE PURSUIT, HOWEVER - AND WERE SOON TAKING STOCK OF THEIR POSITION.



ALLIED WITH HERCULES JONES AND HIS COUNTRYMEN, JIMMY, SMUDGER AND YANK  
BEGAN TO TURN THE TIDE OF BATTLE...

CHARGE!

GET TO THE  
RIVER BANK! WE'VE  
GOT TO GRAB THAT  
POISON-TANK.

IT HAD TAKEN A WEEK OF HARD FIGHTING, BUT THE NERVE-POISON SOURCE WAS AT  
LAST IN THEIR HANDS.

DON'T DESTROY  
IT! IT COULD BE  
USEFUL WHEN WE MARCH  
ON THEIR CAMP!

BACKED-UP BY THE THREE EX-MERCENARIES, THE MAROONS BECAME BOLDER AND BOLDER IN THEIR ATTACKS ON THE SCARED MILITIAMEN.



WITH THREE CAPTURED MACHINE GUNS,  
JIMMY WALKER AND HIS MAROONS SET  
SEIGE TO THE MERCENARIES' CAMP.

YOU WILL FIGHT  
NOW, YOU RABBITS, OR THEY  
WILL KILL YOU ALL!

SI, SI,  
SENHOR! WE  
FIGHT LIKE  
LIONS!



AFTER TWO ATTEMPTS TO TAKE THE CAMP WERE BEATEN OFF, JIMMY TRIED NEW TACTICS.

LISTEN, YOU RATS! WE'VE GOT THE NERVE-POISON. SURRENDER NOW, OR I WILL CONTAMINATE EVERY DROP OF DRINKING WATER FOR MILES AROUND!



THE WARNING INSTANTLY SPREAD PANIC AMONG STEINER'S NATIVE TROOPS...

WE WILL ALL DIE OF POISON!  
WE MUST SURRENDER!

GET BACK  
TO YOUR POSTS —  
OR I WILL  
SHOOT YOU DOWN,  
YOU SNIVELLING  
CURS!



BUT NOT EVEN STEINER'S THREATS COULD STOP THEM NOW. ONE CONSCRIPT LEAPED OVER THE BARRICADE AND BEGAN TO RUN TOWARDS THE BESEIGERS...

WE SURRENDER —  
AARGH!

I WARNED  
YOU!

THAT SHOT WAS THE SIGNAL FOR COMPLETE CHAOS, FOR THE LOCAL CONSCRIPTS PROMPTLY TURNED ON THEIR MERCENARY ALLIES.

THEY WILL NOT SURRENDER! KILL THEM! KILL THEM!

GET BACK TO YOUR POSTS —

ROD DEWAR AND THE LOCAL COMMANDANT TRIED TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT.

STEINER! COME ON — TO THE PLANE!

BUT MAJOR STEINER, THE MAN OF WAR WHO HAD SURVIVED THE CARNAGE OF THE CLOSING YEARS OF WORLD WAR II, HAD FOUGHT HIS LAST BATTLE.

WAIT FOR -  
AAARCH !



WITH THEIR LEADERS WIPE OUT, THE CONSCRIPTS WERE HAPPY TO SURRENDER.

IT WORKED  
HERCULES - BUT  
WHERE'S DEWAR? HE'S  
THE MAN BEHIND  
ALL THIS!





DEWAR WAS KILLED IN THE CRASH. THE WHOLE MERCENARY FORCE WAS BROKEN UP.  
JIMMY, SMUDGER AND YANK PREPARED TO TAKE THEIR LEAVE...



IT HAD BEEN JIMMY WALKER'S FIRST ASSIGNMENT AS A MERCENARY. IT WOULD ALSO BE HIS LAST.



YOU KNOW, SMUDGER,  
THE BRITISH ARMY IS STILL  
YELLING FOR RECRUITS.  
THE OLD FUSILIERS HAVE  
AMALGAMATED WITH ANOTHER MOB,  
BUT THERE MIGHT BE ROOM  
FOR A COUPLE OF OLD  
HANDS. WHAT D'YOU  
SAY?

OKAY, BY ME,  
JIMMY-BOY! THE  
PAY WON'T BE SO  
GOOD, BUT AT LEAST  
WE'LL BE ABLE TO  
SLEEP WITH A CLEAR  
CONSCIENCE!

# THE REAL HERO

THE CARNIVAL AND THE BULLFIGHT IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF SAN CASTILLO ATTRACTED THOUSANDS FROM ALL OVER SPAIN...

HA...THE TOREADORS...THE PICADORS...THEY LOOK FINE, YES. BUT IT IS THE MATADOR WHO IS THE **REAL HERO!** YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN PEPE IN HIS DAY...



IT WAS NOT EASY TO IMAGINE OLD PEPE IN THE SCARLET AND GOLD OF A BULLFIGHTER'S CLOTHES...



YOUR GRANDPAPA...HE IS OLD, EH? HIS MEMORY IS NOT SO GOOD, PERHAPS?

THE OLD MAN GATHERED HIS YOUNG AUDIENCE ABOUT HIM...

IT IS SAID BLACK BULLS ARE THE FIERCEST, LITTLES ONES. BUT I WILL TELL YOU OF THE GREAT GREY BULL OF SERRANO...



"HE HAD KILLED EIGHT OF SPAIN'S FINEST  
BULL-FIGHTERS BEFORE PEPE FOUGHT HIM..."



"A GIANT OF A BULL AS CUNNING AS HE WAS STRONG. BUT HE HAD MET HIS  
MATCH IN PEPE..."



"AND WHEN I KILLED HIM, EVERYONE THERE, INCLUDING  
THE PRESIDENT, WAS ON HIS FEET, CHEERING PEPE."



THE CHILDREN HAD LISTENED ENTRANCED, BUT THERE HAD BEEN OTHERS WITHIN EARSHOT...

LISTEN TO OLD PEPE DREAMING AGAIN! HE'D RUN A MILE IF HE SAW A BULL!



THE WORDS HIT OLD PEPE LIKE A SLAP IN THE FACE... AND THE DISILLUSION IN THE CHILDRENS' EYES HURT HIM EVEN MORE.

IS... IS THAT TRUE, PEPE?



CHOKED WITH EMOTION, THE OLD MAN COULD ONLY BOW HIS HEAD AND STUMBLE AWAY...

TO DESTROY AN OLD MAN'S DREAMS IS NOTHING... BUT TO RUIN THOSE OF LITTLE ONES, IT IS WICKED!



MEANWHILE, THE CARNIVAL PROCESSION WAS WINDING SLOWLY THROUGH THE NARROW STREETS...



AND SUDDENLY, THE LAUGHING AND THE CHEERING CHANGED TO SCREAMS OF TERROR AND ALARM AS THE AXLE OF A WAGON BROKE...



FRIGHTENED BY THE NOISE, THE CIRCUS ANIMALS LOPED AWAY FROM THE CROWDED ROUTE OF THE CARNIVAL . . .



AS IT HAPPENED, PEPE HAD HOBBLED INTO THE PARK TO GET AWAY FROM PEOPLE . . . AND HE HEARD CHILDREN'S FRIGHTENED CRIES . . .



AND THEN HE SAW THE LIONS...



POR  
DIOS!

NOT FOR ONE MOMENT DID THE  
CRIPPLED OLD MAN HESITATE . . .



SNARLING AND ROARING, THE LIONS SLASHED  
AT PEPE'S WAVERING STICKS . . .



RUN,  
CHILDREN...  
RUN! GET  
AWAY!

BY THIS TIME, POLICE AND CIRCUS WORKERS HAD TRAILED THE ANIMALS TO THE PARK...

BY THE SAINTS! LOOK AT THE OLD MAN HOLDING THEM OFF ...

HE CAN'T HOLD THEM FOR MUCH LONGER! HURRY WITH THAT NET!

THEY WERE NOT QUICK ENOUGH!

AAAAGH!

THE RESCUERS DASHED FORWARD AND WITH PITCHFORKS AND STICKS DROVE THE LIONS OFF...

THE NET  
...THROW  
THE NET!

GENTLE HANDS LIFTED THE BRUISED AND BLEEDING  
PEPE ON TO A STRETCHER . . .



NEXT DAY, PEPE HAD SOME VISITORS AT  
HIS BEDSIDE IN THE HOSPITAL . . .

WE BELIEVE OUR  
OWN EYES, PEPE!  
NO-ONE COULD  
BE BRAVER  
THAN YOU!



THE ACES AND PAINS WERE  
FORGOTTEN . . .

LIONS...THEY ARE NOTHING!  
DID I EVER TELL YOU OF  
THE GREAT BLACK BULL OF  
SEVILLE, LITTLE ONES...



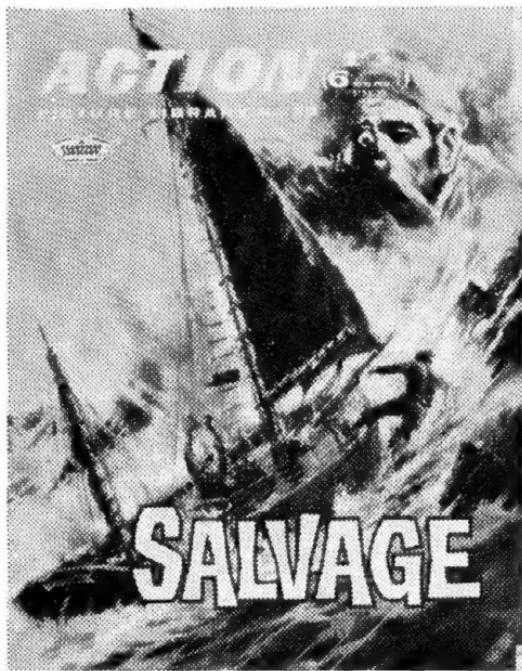
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*Tough...Dramatic...*

# ACTION

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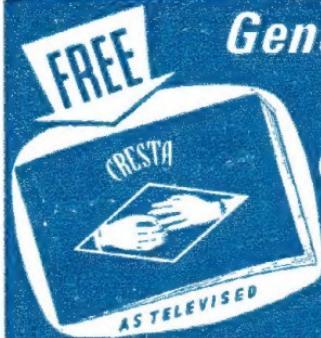
SALVAGE

The sunken yacht held a secret that led to a nightmare of intrigue and sudden death.



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